The COMMONWEAL

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Uncertainties of the E.R.P.

SECRETARY MARSHALL and Senator Taft both spoke on November 10. The former explained why the Congress will be asked to vote the European Recovery Plan (The Marshall plan); the latter announced his opposition to that plan. Secretary Marshall said: "The need for our assistance in the European area is real and it is urgent." Senator Taft said: "If we want the Marshall plan we cannot have lower prices. If we want lower prices we have to give up the Marshall plan . . . let's be realistic . . ." He also said that aid to Europe (on the Marshall scale) would encourage European governments (such as the British) to continue in their "unsound" policies; he is willing to give "reasonable" aid but, if any aid is given anywhere it must be given everywhere, to China and to South America—and to say that, of course, is to give the American people, deliberately, the impression that the process of aid giving will go on until our resources are exhausted.

If these two American statesmen were discussing possible American action in the future, as if the subject had newly arisen, everything would be perfectly all right. But that is not the situation. For months American foreign policy has been based totally on the Marshall plan and, for months, the political and moral effect of that plan has been notably diminished by the fact that Europeans were not sure, and could not be sure that the Administration would be able to secure the consent of Congress to the implementation of the plan. For months, all American negotiations have been made more difficult by this atmosphere of uncertainty. Under our system of government that is the way it always is; nobody knows when we are committing ourselves or when we are only hoping that Congress can be persuaded to allow us to commit ourselves. This system prevents us from hasty action, or from carrying out a policy hastily improvised; at times it prevents us from carrying out any policy at all.

In the case of the Marshall plan, everyone knows that Mr. Taft is an extremely prominent Republican and everyone in America and in Europe knows that what he now says forecasts strong Republican opposition to the plan when Congress soon convenes. Consequently no one in Europe or in America knows to what extent the relief proposed under the European Recovery Program will be cut down in order to appear "reasonable" to the Republicans. Everyone, however, knows that one characteristic of "reasonable" assistance is that it be piecemeal and temporary—Mr. Taft objects to any commitment extending beyond a year—and so every government in Europe knows that it will have to remain content with "unsound" makeshift policies, because a voice which should ring clear, stutters instead and mumbles.

Dismantling German Industry

THE EVIDENCE accumulates that the November 25 meeting of the Big Four Foreign Ministers to reach a decision on Germany is of the most fateful sort. It is impossible to discuss any of the immediate lesser affiliated questions outside the framework of the general German settlement, and especially without reference to the basic question whether the Reich is to be reunited or remain divided.

Take the matter of dismantling German factories. The original figure of 1,700 plants marked for postwar destruction has been cut by more than half, but the 682 now tagged for dismantling, and then for scrap or reparations, constitute an appreciable aggregate of productive potential in a Europe which must again produce if it is to survive. How is it possible to set any goal for German productive capacity without deciding first how Germany is to be reconstituted?

But before American authorities go any further in their program of demolishing a billion dollars worth of industrial plants, at any rate, they should face up to several major considerations. The productive revival of Europe will be

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difficult in the extreme. The scrapping of these plants or their removal to areas where essential raw materials and technical skills are lacking will have a further crippling effect. The Continent will come back only if its chief industrial areas, well supplied with coal, iron and skilled workers and managers, resume production. That this will provide competition with certain French, British and other enterprises is a side issue, as is the charge that specific German plants are designated for the ax because of the favorable competitive position they enjoyed before 1939. The main thing right now is to stop further dismantling of German industrial plants.

To advocate this entails squarely confronting the possibility some years hence of a resurgent Germany again on the rampage. This is no idle chimaera. And the point is that adequate precautions will have to be taken now. The continual presence of American, British, French and other inspectors should be established, for one thing, as a precedent in the Ruhr and other industrial areas. Perhaps even certain national quotas or proportions of Ruhr production could be agreed upon. But in any case the procedures must be set up now so that German industrial revival—so essential for the reconstruction of the Continent—will not eventually constitute a threat to the security of immediate or more distant neighbors.

If the urgencies inspiring the Marshall Plan seem insufficient to require a cessation of this destructive operation, then the present state of the German people should clinch the argument. Observers note that it is lack of hope in any feasible future which holds down production in German mines and factories and leads the farmers to withhold their produce from cities in which there is nothing to buy. Material aid will indeed be wasted if unaccompanied by solid hope.

The Attack on Co-ops

THE GROWING drive to submit consumers cooperatives to income taxes similar to those imposed on enterprises operated for private profit is now in the limelight in Washington. The main line of attack is to the effect that co-ops hurt small businesses by unfair competition.

The campaign is well-heeled and well-organized. It is headed by the well-to-do "National Tax Equality Association," which thus far has failed to respond to the invitation to disclose the sources of its sizable funds. Then during the summer the House Small Business Subcommittee went about the land holding hearings on cooperative iniquities. Appropriately enough the head of this group of legislators, which has taken so to heart the plight of the small businessman, is Representative Walter Ploeser, who has not denied the reports in the St. Louis papers that in addition to being a member of the House he is a high-salaried employee of the powerful Monsanto Chemical corporation (presently engaged, for instance, in a $48,000,000 expansion program.)

A lot of Americans were alert enough not to be taken in by these proceedings. But now the enemies of the co-ops have actually produced some genuine representatives of small business interests to protest before the House Ways and Means Committee the inequity of current tax exemptions for cooperatives. As we went to press the rebutal was yet to come.

It is worth pointing out that Big Business and not Little Business is the chief adversary of the cooperative movement in this country. In fact if these interests succeed in putting over any legislation which would tax patronage refunds, or tax the cooperative enterprises on the basis of income before patronage dividends had been distributed, the co-ops would then immediately reduce their retail prices a comparable amount. (The precedent has already been established in Sweden.) Then the little business man *would* find himself under difficult competition. And so in the common interest, as well as in his own, he had better recall those witnesses in Washington backing the "National Tax Equality Association."

East Europe and West

THE ARRIVAL of Mikolajczyk in London, and the grim end of the trial of Maniu and his companions in Bucharest, force attention to Eastern Europe and its desperate condition. Desperate is too close a word for our state of mind and heart in America and throughout the West before the grinding down of the tyranny over East Europe.

The Russian State Party has collapsed the socialist parties in that region. The socialists have been "unified," terrorized, transported, bribed and liquidated: negated as effective political forces. In East Europe most people are farmers. The strongest parties were peasant parties traditionally both when the Nazis and the Russians came, and when Victory Europe was proclaimed. The following summary from the London *Tablet* shows their condition since spring:

> The trial of Dr. Maniu in Romania has been preceded by the trial of another peasant leader, Dr. Jovanovic, the only opposition member of Tito's parliament until he was deprived of his seat last spring. Petkov was the leader of the Bulgarian peasants, Jovanovic is the leader of the Servian peasants. . . . In April the leader of the Czech Agrarian Party, Dr. Beran, was sentenced to twenty years' hard labor. In May Dr. Jovanovic was arrested, and M. Kojev, a leader of the Bulgarian Agrarian Party, was sentenced to death. In June the leader of the Hungarian peasants, M. Ferenc Nagy, fled for his life to the United States, and in

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Warsaw the Supreme Court sentenced a group of leaders of M. Mikolajczyk's Polish Peasant Party to hard labor. In August Dr. Maniu was arrested in Romania. . . .

Are Americans—or English, French, or the others—interested? Do you think there will be war? Radio Berlin called the last one, "The War over Danzig."

This seems to be true, that refusal to consider and realize what happens east of our Army outposts in Berlin, Vienna and Trieste will lead to disaster. The intelligence, the processes of history, the economic scene; the Fates, the Constellations, the Justice of God cannot possibly endure it that the Far West should pass by, self-blinded and deliberately unaware, the attacked and crushed nations further east, and at the end reach a tranquil peace of good order.

Is there anything but war? Is there anything the West can do to influence the fate of the peoples under the Soviet besides make war? As a Christian, first say, pray: a difficult, difficult, unused program. The Marshall Plan, or European Recovery Program must be launched quickly and rapidly developed. The Paris proposals offered by the Europeans do not cut off Europe at the Iron Curtain. This country, with all the cooperating governments of Europe, must open the rehabilitation program to the peoples and countries whose governments are now so clearly proven to be unfree agents of the Russian dictatorship.

There could be practical consequences to keeping in mind the distinction between the people and governments in the Russian sphere. Also, indeed, between the person and his actions and errors. A strong stand against the government actions of the communist circle is necessary, but Vishinsky should be persuaded to love his neighbors in New York.

The plan and program has to allow enormous variation of economic and political system over there. The lead strings to the American purse ought not be woven into a straitjacket for recovery plans, compressing them to the economic pattern currently favored by the largest tax payers. The liberty of the program, indeed, should be enlarged to cover Russia itself, if and when the Russian people could free themselves of the communist Russian State Party. In this talk about checking nationalization abroad, and insuring the "free enterprise system"—with early nineteenth century laissez-faire overtones—we have to consider the wide differences of opinion at home and within the cooperating western countries. And we must also consider the social-economic condition the satellites and Russia herself would be in, if the communist tyranny were removed. We must try to stick to only the essential demands, which should be the essential demands of the great majority of the people under Russia too.

It is no small task to decide what is essential. "Freedom of religion" was universally accepted as basic not long ago, but the definition has never been set in current terms. Recently some American Protestant observers found it existent in Jugoslavia, with no persecution. That is Jugoslavia, where just last month a priest, the Rev. Stejepan Cek, got six years' with forced labor, and Monsignor Ukmar, a month, because they had been beaten while their companion priest, Father Bulesik, had been killed, in a "disturbance." In Germany, under the nazis, the Christians never agreed on what was persecution: different churches and different leaders in the same church. The Catholic leaders varied to such an extent that the great mass of Catholics were confused and assisted not to heroism but to capitulation. In Spain, loyalists found that the desecration of churches and torture of Religious in no way constituted persecution of religion; while exasperated Francoists all over the world plunged his way because under him "the cult was free," and the warring and exploiting, bombing and jailing under his banner did not constitute religious persecution.

This recent escape of Mikolajczyk completes another lesson on the subject. In Czestochowa in Poland, September 28th, the Polish Archbishops and Bishops reported in a pastoral. They rejoiced in the rebuilding of ruined churches, and in the crowds filling all the churches in prayer. But there was "some measure of disquiet . . . We have to note facts aimed against the sanctity of the truths of the Faith held by the nation, contrary to the high tenets of Catholic morality, undermining the Faith of the people, sound morals and accepted worship of God. There are so many such facts . . ." and the Polish hierarchy protests in particular seven.

It's interesting to consider how far they range in protesting persecution of their religion: ". . . Growing audacity of blasphemers . . . sectarian activities breaking up the nation . . . intransigent opponents of private and ecclesiastical schooling . . . centers of upbringing which have taken upon themselves the objective of bringing up the so-called New Man . . . violating the religious character of Sundays and Feast Days . . ." The sixth and seventh protests are leveled against: "unjustified and unnecessary restrictions on civic freedom . . . the activities of press control and censorship . . . most harmful and humiliating."

If in America and in the other countries of the West we look away from the itemized lessons of Poland and the other East European countries, we will have a very difficult time distinguishing our own most basic liberties and seeing how they will be closed in and restricted—to the point of real desperation, when we will see them wither and rot away, fit only for ploughing under altogether and started growing again underground.

PHILIP BURNHAM.

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Modern Man in Disorder

Fragments from a study of a world in discontinuity*

Max Picard

DURING a trip to Germany in 1932, the head of an influential political party called upon me to ask how it was possible that Hitler had become so much of a figure and had gained so many followers. I pointed to a magazine which was lying on the table and told him to look at it. Page one was filled by a half-naked dancer; on page two, soldiers were drilling with a machine gun, and farther down a scientist was shown in his laboratory; page three featured the evolution of the bicycle from the middle of the nineteenth century to the present day, and a Chinese poem was printed next to that; the following page was divided between the calisthenics of factory workers during a rest period and the writing technique of a South American Indian tribe by means of knotted strings; on the opposite page, Senator So-and-so was depicted in his summer retreat.

"This," I said, "is how modern man grasps the things of the world outside himself. Modern man drags all things toward himself chaotically and without cohesion; this proves that his own inner life is a chaos lacking cohesion. Modern man no longer confronts the things of the world as solidly existing, nor do things register in his mind individually; neither does he approach a particular thing by a particular act; modern man with his chaotic inner life has a correspondingly chaotic outer world whirling toward him. What is coming is no longer scrutinized; it suffices that anything at all should be coming along. To this disjointed tumult anything or anybody could admix—Adolf Hitler, too; he gets inside a man without his noticing how he got there; from that point on, it no longer depends upon the victim but upon the skill of Adolf Hitler, whether he will merely pass through that man's mind or take hold of it."

The disjointedness of a magazine, however, seems old-fashioned, almost hand-made, compared to the radio. In the radio the business of disjointedness has become mechanized: 6 a.m. calisthenics; 6:10 a.m. recorded music; 7 a.m. news; 8 a.m. Morse-alphabet course; 9 a.m. morning sermon; 9:30 a.m. In the Lake Dwellers' Village; 10 a.m. Beethoven sonata for flute and piano; 10:30 a.m. farming lecture; 10:45 a.m. world news; 11 a.m. Overture to "Rienzi"—and so on till the Spanish course at 10:10 p.m. and the Jazz hour at 10:30 p.m.

This world of the radio not only *is* disjointed; it *produces* disjointedness; it presents all things in such a way that they will not hang together from the very start and thus are forgotten one by one even before they have disappeared; from the start they are shrouded in a haze of oblivion. This outer world presupposes that man's mind is no longer capable of perceiving the things of this world in any context—as they are, that is, as they endure, and as they are correlated to one another in their nature—it operates primarily toward the inner discontinuity, toward the disjointedness of man, and with that it works.

There no longer is an outer world which can be perceived, because it is a jumble—likewise, there is no longer in man a mind able to perceive with clarity, because his inner world, too, is a jumble. Therefore, man no longer objects by an act of will; he no longer selects the objects of the external world and no longer examines them: the world is fluid; disjointed objects move past disjointed man. It no longer matters what passes by; what counts is only that something should pass by. Into this line-up anything could sneak, including Adolf Hitler; and one prefers that at least he, Adolf Hitler, should turn up than to have nothing turn up at all. "Heil" to him; for not only does he march along as part of the jumble, but he also sees to it that the march of the jumble does not stop—he mechanizes the flow of events and things assembly-line fashion and does it better than anyone else. . . .

★

Professor X, an opponent of the death penalty, asked me what one ought to do with those nazi torturers, those gas-killers of human beings, whether it would be possible to readjust them to a life in the right order.

I told him: "This gas-thug readjusts easily, all too easily, to the right order. You can meet him in Munich as you buy stamps at a post office window, or he sells cigars in a store, or he is a hotel manager who greets you very kindly, and if by mistake you have overpaid your bill by as much

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as fifty pfennigs, this gas-thug will run after you for as long as a mile just to return those fifty pfennigs, and en route he might, perhaps, give to some crying child a piece of candy which he had intended for his own child."

The horrible thing is that the murderer can be restored to his civil profession just as if no murder and no gassing had ever happened. Such a man is even more horrible than that young generation which forever wants war and will not be fitted into any civil pursuit. The horrible thing is that such a man knows nothing any longer of his murders—just as when he murdered and gassed, he no longer was conscious of the fact that but a few weeks before he had sold stamps or cigars or had greeted hotel guests. And tomorrow he, who now again sits behind the post office window or stands in the cigar store, can again murder and can again gas as if he never had done anything else but murdering and gassing. That is the individual whose inner life has become totally disjointed. When he sells stamps or cigars, there is nothing in him but this action; moreover, it is as if he had never done anything else before—at that moment he is entirely filled with selling stamps or cigars—and it is exactly the same when he murders — at that moment nothing but murder is in him, as it would be with one who had never done anything else. Whatever he does at the moment has no context with any preceding event; consequently, he is inhibited by nothing and can murder without inhibition. And just as he no longer knows what went before, so likewise he no longer knows that something different might come; he anticipates nothing and so keeps on murdering. That type of human being is conditioned by nothing except what he does at the moment; what is more, he comes into existence only through the moment.

The Nazi forgets everything because he has no continuity. At all times there is in him only that which the moment throws at him. By that he lives; by that he exists: there is nothing else in him but that which comes to him momentarily.

Such a man's inner-being contains nothing of the past. That is the reason why in the present everything can happen: the individual tries everything; he risks everything. And this also is the reason why he wants to make a fresh start with everything and to rebuild everything: he does not recognize that something has been accomplished before.

He commits the most evil deeds, and they all are thrown into the abyss of oblivion, where they disappear.

In this realm a human life counts for nothing. Because where nothing really exists, where everything merely appears only to vanish again, a human life is easily pushed out of the way, is easily destroyed.

This then characterizes the Nazi: It is not only that he murders but, above all, that he forgets that he murders.

Generally, the German today has forgotten all the defeats which he suffered yesterday. El Alamein, Stalingrad, they do not exist for him; they never happened. It is not, however, that the German wants to deceive himself about the defeat and therefore lies to himself, no: it all happened in the *past,* and his inner life has no connection with the past; it doesn't connect with anything. For him the past exists only in the manner of a museum for history, open Sundays from ten to twelve: the past is not real, is not alive to him.

A defeat therefore does not teach him anything; nothing can teach him. He might start another war tomorrow, not because he is belligerent, but because he has forgotten that there was war yesterday and that he was the one who started it.

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Here, in this Nazi world, it is possible first to represent the Russian as world enemy number one, then shortly afterwards to ally one's self with him and, after another brief interval, to declare him world enemy number one all over again. Now other nations, too, change alliances, perhaps even in the same manner. But with other nations these changes are made solely from political considerations and are not determined by psychological reactions. Likewise, among other nations a certain resistance has first to be overcome before they will accept the change, and rulers must resort either to the truth or else to lies in order to make the change plausible. But in the Nazi world the lie is merely a throw-in; it is not really necessary at all because everything is forgotten anyway after it has happened. No reason need be given for the change where a priori everything is change, jumble, and disjointedness. Disjointedness is the very basis of this Nazi world. In it one easily starts war, forgets it as easily, and just as easily resumes it again. By none of the belligerents of 1914-1918 was the war so quickly forgotten after 1918 as it was in Germany. The war had merely passed through the Germans and had left no lasting memory.

After this last war the English have wondered about the fact that it was possible to discuss anything with the German war prisoners. With a German, one can discuss one after another: existentialism, sugar production from wood, the technique of the gas chamber, the painter Paolo Uccello. But this one-thing-after-another sort of talk is possible only because he is not really tied to any subject; no subject stays with him beyond the moment of the discussion. Not even to his gassings is the gas-thug tied; not even that has left a trace in him: he appears as an honest, medi-

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ocre person who hardly knows what a gas chamber is; he appears as one who never did any evil; he appears as if he were untainted, open-minded to the good, docile in fact—that is the seductive demonism in him. However, any good which might be brought to him through education would stay with him but momentarily. So disjointed is he in his inner life that nothing stays with him.

One demands of the Germans that they should repent. But the individual German is unable to remember, and only a human being who has present in his inner life whatever he has done, only such a being can look through his past deeds, can examine them and repent of his sins. In order that anything be altered and be bettered something must first exist—but in this inner-being nothing exists; everything emerges but for a moment and emerges only to vanish in the next. Without inner continuity, there can be no repentance and consequently no betterment. Like everything which happened in the past, the sinful, too, has been severed with the German from the present in which he now lives; it is not with him at all. All attempts, therefore, to change a German through books or doctrines are futile so long as he lives in discontinuity. The lesson is well comprehended; but since the inner man lacks contiguous structure, since he possesses no continuity, the lesson cannot be hooked up anywhere; momentarily it remains suspended in the vacuum that is his inner life, and the next moment it dissolves, because in the next moment something else floats into this vacuum.

The Nazis, it was said, were like this: lacking in memory, lacking in inner continuity, disjointed. These traits also apply to the German of today in general, only not so pronounced as with the Nazis, and they also apply to almost all modern Europeans and Americans, if in a lesser degree than to the Germans. With other Europeans and with the Americans these are traits among many other traits; they are not characterized by them as are the Germans and, above all, the Nazis.

Who is there who still remembers the Reichstag Fire of 1933, that arson which set fire not so much to the Reichstag as to the world? Within a few years, maybe in two, the atrocities of Buchenwald, Maidaneck, and Belsen will be forgotten and will be forgotten not through generosity but through the great vacuum in which everything goes into oblivion.

★

In the world of discontinuity, then, time exists not as permanence but solely as the instant.

In this world of the momentary, one has no time to live with one's fellow man and really know him. One briefly files him away after due cataloguing of racial features or graphological semantics or psychological tests. One also lacks an inner continuity wherein the meeting with fellow man could be preserved. The fellowman is not remembered inwardly but registers according to race, according to graphological or psychological diagrams.

If something turns up for a moment only, attention focuses not upon the true nature of the thing but only upon its appearance as it comes and goes again. No specific act is any longer needed for anybody to be on the scene; to be on the scene no longer represents a reality, and by the same token no specific act is needed for somebody to vanish from the scene. This being so, the life of an individual is easily pushed into the void, is easily annihilated because everything merely appears and is gone again.

Through the mechanism of the momentary, all things become alike, and everything becomes meaningless in its alikeness; where everything is there but for an instant, distinctions no longer exist, not even the distinction between good and evil. Neither is there a place for the amoralist, he who stands "beyond good and evil"; morals also are being obliterated mechanically, no longer through an anti-moral attitude but in a purely mechanical manner: the mechanism of the momentary equalizes the evil and the good.

What in Nietzsche's times still needed the exertion of the spirit and the exertion of sin—namely, to put one's self beyond good and evil—nowadays is performed by the mechanism of the momentary. Good and evil have become mere labels meant to attract or to deter. But what is used to attract us today is used to deter us tomorrow; thus confusion grips the people, and this confusion suits the rulers of this disjointed world.

The American and English Child

ANNE FREMANTLE

"IT'S NOT that I have anything against Devonshire," 8-year old Sam Coleridge told his mother, "and Grandfather is darling to me, but I have nothing to do." "What do you mean, nothing to do?" replied his mother, "you have your pony, and cricket, and rabbits, and the sea." "O, yes, but I mean *real* things to do, like in America. In Washington, you see, I had my paper round, and then I could go to the drug store, and spend my money, get a coke, or some comic books, or go to the movies with a friend. Whereas here"—and with a wave of a very grubby hand he dimissed the lovely Elizabethan manor-house, the green lawns, the dovecote and the butler, with an air of exquisite boredom. Sam's parents were stationed here during the war, and still are, and Sam is only one of many hundreds of British children who have to some extent, been "raised here," and exposed

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to the "American way of life" and who are now returned home to England. Some find the "adjustments" they have to make harder than others (many people will remember the advertisement in the "agony" column of the London *Times*: "Exhausted parent requires keeper for small boy, recently returned from USA, and who knows all the answers") some are happier there, others pine to return here. But their individual reactions are, in a way, less interesting than the immense differences, pointed up by their attitudes and actions, that exist between the English and the American upbringing, and which, though perhaps suspected, were hitherto never so apparent as they have been during these last few years, during which parents on either side of the "pond" have been able to compare and contrast the respective educational systems and their products.

In children themselves, there are, of course, immense areas of similarity; all children like candy; all children dislike black clothes and bad-temper. But there are also a myriad pointilliste differences. Children are, individually and collectively, largely the sum of what they eat and wear and breathe and see and hear and inherit. All that Miss T. eats turns into Miss T, and impressions are no less edible than cookies. Those who believe America and England are two nations divided by a single language would do well to analyze the extraordinary dissimilarity between the children of the two nations—not only in talk. For, in a way, differences are more apparent at the initial stages, just as it is often easier to tell eggs apart than birds. Even the daily difference between afternoon tea at 4:30, followed by milk and a biscuit at seven, as against supper at 6:30; even the contrast between the American breakfast and the English; even centuries of constant snacks as against two solid meals a day, may be more fundamentally character-forming than flesh-forming, and may add up to far more than meets the eye.

English children, in spite of air-raids, blackouts, V2's etc., lead, even today, much more sheltered lives than do their American counterparts. Even though nannies are less frequent than they were and less fierce, an aura of Nanny haunts all the British Isles, and nannies still actually exist to an enormously greater extent than here. It is almost unheard of for an English child, even of the middle-classes, to go to the movies, or travel, unescorted. On the other hand, owing to the separation that takes place between parents and children in the case of boys at the age of seven, parents are treated in England with far greater respect and consideration than here. There is a buffer of masters between the child and the father which certainly serves to protect the latter. English children are infinitely politer and more self-contained. They can live happily, cheek by jowl with their elders (even in a small flat) without monopolizing the telephone, the radio, the car, the living-room or the conversation. In fact, whenever English children are amongst adults, from the age of a few weeks, when they are brought down to the drawing-room bathed and crisp in starched muslin or organdy, until their "21ster," they behave according to the adult pattern when in the company of adults. Occasional lapses, of course, do alas occur, as when Charles Morgan's daughter Shirley, aged all of 2, was sick at (and over) Sir Osbert Sitwell's feet. Whereas few American children in their parents' home, give any indication of acknowledging the said parents' existence.

But the chief difference is with regard to money. Bloy has given money a mystical meaning: for him, it is the great ersatz for God; and Marx and Freud, each in his own way, and in other language, have said much the same thing. The child of an American millionaire will happily spend Sunday washing cars at a buck a throw; the *Readers Digest* recently carried a moving account by a father, a leader in his community, who took over his son's paper round for a day, and thereby received a phoenix-like experience of rejuvenation. In England, children are never encouraged to work, nor expected to help in the family chores—or, if they are, they are not paid for so doing. The higher the parents climb up the social scale, the longer they deliberately seek to delay the introduction of their offspring to an acquisitive society. The continual "trading" that forms the basis of all intercourse between American young from nursery school days on, does not exist in England. Nor is it considered meritorious to assist your parents, or yourself: in fact, it is illegal to do so, and the State actually penalizes any child who attempts it by strictly enforced laws which make it illegal for children to mow lawns, deliver milk, sweep snow, baby-sit, or otherwise employ themselves usefully and gainfully.

What is lost thereby in sense of reality is, perhaps, gained in imaginative experience; even the slum child has, in England, some sense that we are of the stuff that dreams are made from, and about every English childhood is a web, a cloud of make-believe and fantasy. Childhood is "different." This has its advantages—and its drawbacks. English men and women, as a rule, move, as Thomas Traherne put it, "by backward steps," and know they will never be so happy again, that there is nothing, in adult life, so free or so glorious as certain moments in the summer holidays. They have, by and large, a "yen" for their childhood and romanticize it, seeing it in a haze of glory and wonder that fills Europeans with only little less amazement than it does Americans. It is not that the English childhood is necessarily happy or pleasant: often there is terrible bullying at school, often there are horrid tensions in the home, not seldom real agony. And there is quite definitely less tenderness and less friendship between parents and children in England than in the USA. But there is in an English childhood a quality of "otherness" which softens all contours, blurs all outlines, and emerges and awakens into reality only with adolescence. The American child has far less of a crisis to face at puberty; there has been no deliberate cotton-wool wrapped round the tiny shoots to keep off the frost, and the impact of reality has been gradual, but continually increasing and always present. Yet no nation has produced such a literature and poetry of childhood as England; from Elizabethan days until our own, childhood has been a state

Withheld, remote, untrod

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Whose lamps are stirred continually
with prayers sent up to God

whereas, here, as in Europe, the child has been father to the man. National legends bear out these differences: George Washington and the cherry tree; Hiawatha, and the boy Edison, are altogether different from the little princes in the Tower, Dick Whittington, and Alice.

Anthropology devotes immense time, and bases many of its findings, on the study and comparison of children's games, the rhythms of their lives, and the initiation ceremonies by which the child passes into adulthood. Perhaps diplomats and politicians, and others concerned with international relations might add to, rather than take from, a leaf of this book.

Second-Act Intermission

Not beside us here in the haze of cigarette smoke,
Nor lurking in the splinters of brittle aimless talk,
But back there, behind the curtain, standing in the wing,
The dilemma awaits its nightly unraveling.

The silver cord cut when the curtain descended,
We are hollow shapes flickering in a fog, suspended
Between two compelling worlds as in a transparent sheath;
Beyond those open doors people draw a different breath.

Those passing by in the street, adrift just outside the doors,
They are not of us. They have not shed our equivocal tears.
They do not know what we know. They have not eyes to read
With our sagacity the predicament that lies ahead.

For them there will be no adroit all-resolving third act,
Only the clutter of the infrangible iron fact;
No dramatic need will contain the catastrophe
Spilling over into the dim reaches of anxiety;

Not the neat situation of the calculated plot,
But the tangled strands of the knot
Whose trailing ends are lost, lost, irretrievably lost
In the riddle of the womb and the durance of the past;

From the suffocating hug of frustration, no release;
No shrinking from the slow abrasion of hopelessness;
No *deus ex machina* in time to put things right;
No ennobling death to bring relief each troubled night.

Those passing by in that street, in that outer gloom,
Will yearn for the right word in vain; it will not come.
Their movements will be clumsy, their gestures inept;
In vain they will look for the cue in the prepared script.

Off to the right Broadway can be sensed; its neon glare
Throws hints of spectral red and blue and green across the outer air;
The rattle of a bus is pierced by the warning bell, whereupon
We return to meet the inevitable paid-for dénouement.

SAMUEL YELLEN.

Communications

GREAT THINKERS

Sewickley, Penna.

TO the Editors: This morning's mail brought an elegantly gotten up advertisement from The Book-of-the-Month-Club. The good looking leaflet offered The World's Great Thinkers in four volumes boxed, retail price ten dollars but Given Free to new members of the Book-of-the-Month-Club.

The Great Thinkers are fifteen in number. They are Confucius, Spinoza, Darwin, Schopenhauer, Einstein, Plato, Aristotle, Rousseau, Thoreau, Copernicus, Bacon, Montaigne, Emerson, Nietzsche, Freud. The advertisement says "here are philosophies that men live by. These careful selections offer a source of courage to meet today's problems. In them you will find wisdom and guidance. . . ."

But is it fair to say these fifteen are *the* world's great thinkers or that they have given courage, wisdom and guidance, or that men do live by them?

Who has lived by tortured Schopenhauer or poor Nietzsche? Not they themselves certainly. They were unable to abide by their own philosophy. Isn't it too soon to admit Einstein to immortal company? Dear Emerson and Thoreau we revere but we cannot agree that they are among *the* world's great ones. And isn't the case of Rousseau debatable when we only have fifteen? And Darwin is no longer thought of as a bright particular star but as one of a brilliant nineteenth century cluster. Whom is Sigmund Freud displacing: Fenelon, Thomas Aquinas, Saint Augustine, Saint Paul?

If some intellectual young Russian somehow got to this country and decided to steep himself in the culture of the West, he might buy this Book-of-the-Month-Club symposium. Would he find the philosophy that made us great, or would he see there—the beginnings of the decline of the West?

KATHLEEN CRAIG.

IN HOLLYWOOD AND NOWHERE

Baltimore, Md.

TO the Editors: May this up-to-now silent reader of THE COMMONWEAL burst forth with salvos for Father Dunne? I thought "Peace In Jail" was one of the most lucid, convincing and brilliantly written pleas for justice and charity that this reader had ever read. Now, after having seen Father Dunne's reply to Oliver Carlson in the October 17th issue, I take out even the qualifying "one" in the above sentence. I also take my hat off to a Catholic who refuses to water down Christ's simple and unmistakable words on the subject of charity. When Father Dunne says, "I am not afraid of communists . . . My religion does not permit me to hate anybody, or to fear anybody or anything. It is really a wonderful religion. It is too bad so many Christians understand and practice it so poorly," he is repeating not only "love thy neighbor" but also "love thine enemies."

When will we Catholics begin to practice what we preach? When will we act like the brotherhood of man

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under the fatherhood of God? When will we put *Rerum Novarum* to work in our work?

The only way to stop communists from saying what they do about us is for us to start *doing* what we *say* about us. CAROLINE A. CHANDLER, *M.D.*

Santa Cruz, California.

TO the Editors: I am surprised at your editorial comment entitled: "In Hollywood and Nowhere." (THE COMMONWEAL, October 17.) Underlying your analogy is the assumption that the Conference of Studio Unions is a communist-dominated outfit. Otherwise your allegory has no bearing upon the Hollywood situation and would not have been suggested to you by the Hollywood situation. I am confident that you have little or no credible evidence to support this assumption; but you have heard it said so often during the past year and more by IATSE spokesmen and their stooges that you have come to believe it. Which only proves that Hitler knew what he was talking about.

Do you attach more credibility to the word of such interested parties as Dick Walsh, Roy Brewer, Jack Tenney, Oliver Carlson, Mathew Levy, Michael Luddy and George Breslin (the last two received over $49,000 in fees for devoting their legal talents to the noble attempt to keep that patriotic American, Willie Bioff, out of jail) than you do to the word of Monsignor John Devlin and the late Reverend Thomas Coogan?

Let me make a further criticism of your allegory, not as it relates to Hollywood, but in so far as it purports to deal with an ideal situation which you say exists at "innumerable stations" between Los Angeles and the East Coast.

You confront Mr. X, your model citizen, with a false dilemma. It is because so many people analyzed their problem in terms of this same false dilemma that a lot of people supported Mussolini and Hitler who had no business supporting them. And as long as problems of political and social alignment continue to be analyzed in terms of this false dilemma you will have Christians supporting the most cynical, corrupt and reactionary tyrannies everywhere and thus compromising Christianity almost irredeemably.

Do you seriously suggest that your citizen, if a Christian, can defensibly choose to support Willie Bioff, for example, upon the specious ground that Willie Bioffism does not sacrifice "the health of the general situation" and leaves "the social-economic (political, moral and religious) way open for reform?"

This is a cynical philosophy indeed, the dangerous fallacy of which Hitler exploited to the limit. Any movement which corrupts the moral foundations of society plays directly into the hands of what you call the "detranquilizers." This is as true of Bioffism in the trade union movement as, on a larger scale, of fascism in the political field. You cannot cooperate in corrupting society as a preliminary to reforming it.

The other alternative which the well disposed citizen has, the possibility of which does not seem to have occurred to you, is to defend justice more courageously, perseveringly, vigorously and tenaciously than the communists who are among those on the correct side in the specific issue. The result will be that the good citizen, rather than the communists, will emerge in the consciousness of the rank and file as the champion of justice. To the extent that the good citizen overshadows the communists, the triumph of justice will be no triumph for the communists but for him and the values he represents.

A course of conduct based upon your analysis of the problem will assure the communists of victory whether the side embracing immediate justice along with the communists wins or loses. If all the well-disposed citizens support the group fighting for the wrong side of the immediate industrial dispute or, in the other alternative you offer them, take up residence in a remote place, the communists alone stand forth as the champions of justice. To the extent that the well-disposed citizens stand for religious values, religion becomes irredeemably compromised in the minds of the rank and file. What must the masses of working people think of religion when they behold the churchly Mr. X's making deals with the forces of corruption and supporting injustice against justice or adopting an attitude of aloof "neutrality" upon the specious pretext that this is the way to defeat communism?

Permit me to correct your analysis. By your own admission justice lies on the side of A. Now A, in almost any *real* situation in the United States today, means a labor union the overwhelming majority of whose members are not communists. Whoever champions their cause, which, in your hypothesis, is the cause of justice, wins the respect of the members and successfully establishes his claim to leadership. His championing of their cause also tends to create on their part respect for the ideals he represents. If those ideals are religious ideals, they develop respect for religion. If those ideals are communist ideals, they develop respect for communism.

The communists are smart enough to realize this. That is why they are in there in such situations battling on the side of justice. I have never been willing to accept the thesis that communists have a monopoly of brains, but I am beginning to wonder.

The alternatives to which you limit the well-disposed citizen are as effective a way as I know of discrediting religion or paralyzing it.

If he has any sense and has not succumbed to Screwtape's wiles, he will get in there and battle for justice and the people whose grievance in the industrial dispute is real. He will battle so hard that he will overshadow the communists. He won't have to say a word about the communists. He will do better to ignore them *qua* communists, because the embattled people suffering the grievance are looking for champions not for polemicists. Mr. X will defeat the communists without ever mentioning them. As the people undergoing an injustice turn to Mr. X they of necessity turn away from the communists. Whether they win or lose their own particular battle, the power and influence of the communists have been diminished by the competition of Mr. X.

If Mr. X is a Christian he doesn't have any choice in the matter anyway. The mission of the Christian is a

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simple one: to witness to truth and justice always and everywhere, regardless of consequences. Or has Pilate become the paragon for Christians, the exemplar of the "prudent" man who, though he sighed, chose to sacrifice justice, to do "an initial injury" for the sake of tranquility?

The Rev. GEORGE H. DUNNE, *S.J.*

★

IN REPLY: The dilemma which Father Dunne objects to was badly presented. The effort to make the apparent dilemma abstract, algebraic, "ideal"—existing nowhere—was taken precisely to remove it from Hollywood and to emphasize that we were not calling names at either of our readers, Father Dunne or Mr. Carlson.

The situation, presented as Father Dunne presents it in his letter printed above, we agree, does not constitute a problem: he is right.

But Father Dunne seems to ride too roughshod over several elements we considered essential to the picture we were trying to paint.

(1) In the "real" world, it frequently turns out that the process of an *ad hoc* popular front, working for a justifiable union objective, does in fact aid communist penetration and control. The early history of the CIO, when John L. Lewis "utilized" much communist support, is relevant. The career of the UEW and James Carey fit in the argument; the Maritime Union and Joe Curran, etc., etc. One can look abroad to the political history of the popular front, and perhaps to New York and the American Labor Party. There may also be a parallel in big corporations, where a "capitalist group," although owning but a small fraction of the stock, manages to control the corporation quite adequately.

If one could count on a great many well-disposed, non-communists always undertaking capably and intelligently to "battle so hard that they will overshadow the communists"—as hard, courageously and consistently as Rev. George H. Dunne, S.J. does—then there would be little worry about communist penetration and control in industrial situations. Experience teaches that one cannot count upon that. This fact itself is a major moral and social problem which one is hardly justified in turning aside with a rhetorical imperative. Furthermore, there would still be an industrial problem if all labor-capital disputes were settled with fair justice.

Our Mr. *X*, the algebraic good citizen, was an imaginary *person*. Even if Father Dunne could demonstrate that rigorous and informed study shows there is no necessary, logical dilemma involved in choosing up sides in industrial disputes—which we cannot feel he has yet shown—the normal good citizen often *feels* that there is, anyway. There is a dilemma in Mr. *X*'s mind which tends to paralyze and frustrate him. That is one reason why we brought up the whole subject, and why we welcome discussion such as Father Dunne's.

We would like to aid in clarifying issues for action. Denying that there need be any worry about communists using a position on the correct side of an immediate industrial dispute in order to advance not widespread justice at all, but their own power position, is in our view an error which obscures rather than clarifies the situation.

(2) Father Dunne dismisses the alternative of "remote residence"—meant not only physically—with less respect than we felt for it, and he doesn't note at all the alternative of trying to develop a decentralist, distributist course of action.

In fact, his letter seems to accept the present form of social-economic-political life and organization, with its separation of class interest and with its class struggle based upon the objective and practically technical conflict of the self-interest of great owner and manager on the one side, and mass wage earner on the other. The labor union is assumed to represent the abused interest of the mass wage earner. At the beginning of his letter it seems to be assumed that the Mussolini and Hitler fascists represent the interest of the owner and manager.

It seems to us possible that a well-disposed, inquiring citizen might decide that he could serve justice and charity the best according to his personal abilities and graces and personal constitution by withdrawing from active part in the struggles of such a dominant industrial economy. He is not imagined necessarily as going to Palm Beach and clipping coupons off of government bonds. We recall, indeed, the careers of Saint Benedict and Saint Gregory at another period of unsatisfactory dominant economy. We do not have so much confidence in the rightness of the present mass industrial system that we would label as escapist every critic who withdrew his energies from it to work and live for a different life and different social-political-economic culture. As long as the system lasts, he would in a way be parasitic to the system, but that would not necessarily be immoral.

Just as we imagined a respectable alienated withdrawer, we also asked after the decentralizer, the distributist and agrarian. We feel that many of them consider that an efficient economy with social justice and freedom is too difficult within the framework of present mass industrial, capitalist economy. They try to spend their energies not primarily in getting unions their temporary deserts from bosses, but in making it possible for the people who are union men and who are bosses to develop a different property, economic, etc. relationship, where the disputes and struggles would not arise in the same baffling form they do now. It would be wrong to foster an opinion that such decentralizers are necessarily supporting "cynical, corrupt and reactionary tyrannies." THE COMMONWEAL has obviously long been inclined to decentralism and does not admit or enjoy such a classification.

Finally, we would like to register our strongest agreement with Father Dunne when he warns us not to accept a cynical philosophy of "supporting a movement which corrupts the moral foundation of society" in order to attack or defend against some other favorite evil, say communism, or fascism. We recognize that the growth of the partisan spirit makes this an increasing temptation. We regret that our editorial paragraph made Father Dunne feel we succumbed. We shall try not to succumb, while still recognizing that, now and for some time, communism is the principal problem in "public affairs" with which we must struggle. THE EDITORS.

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"TREASON'S PEACE"

Westfield, N. J.

TO the Editors: My attention has been called to a review of my book, "Treason's Peace" in the October 3rd issue of your journal. Your reviewer, Max Fischer, described as a writer for German language newspapers, appears to be neither an accurate nor an unbiased reviewer in the following respects:

Among other allegations he states that the book is nothing but a violent accusation of several companies which he names, and "of any other American firm which ever collaborated with the German trust Farben one way or another." This is obviously a false statement; my appendix specifically states the exact opposite.

He also names Ford Motor Co. and Dow Chemical as among those I violently accuse. This is also false. Ford is mentioned but casually; Dow in several places is praised highly for defying the dye trust, in others is excused for being the victim of a shotgun marriage with Farben.

As to the other companies named by Mr. Fischer, Standard Oil, du Pont and Aluminum Co., I challenge Mr. Fischer to cite a single inaccuracy in any of the facts or conclusions in this book regarding these companies or regarding any other firm or any individual named in this book.

After Mr. Fischer has complied with this challenge I request him to state why he did not mention the group of companies which are most conspicuously named in this book as involved with Farben, i.e., the Sterling Drug, Bayer Aspirin, Winthrop Chemical, Metz, Drug Inc. group. I challenge Mr. Fischer to state why he failed to mention the facts from authentic records which accuse the principals of this group.

Mr. Fischer also states, *falsely,* that, among others, I accuse the Anti-Trust Division of the Justice Department, the Treasury Department and both Houses of Congress.

To the contrary, I praise to the skies members of the staff of Anti-Trust and show that the facts on the record place the blame for the lack of punishment of the criminals who conspired with Farben squarely on the shoulders of several Attorney Generals, including Messrs. Daugherty, Donovan and Mitchell, Republicans; and Cummings, Biddle and Clark, Democrats.

His allegation that I accuse the Treasury Department is false and ludicrous. I give unstinted praise to both Jos. J. O'Connell, Jr., Treasury counsel, and to Secretary Henry Morganthau and, in my last chapter, I explain and defend the Morganthau plan.

His allegation that I accuse both Houses of Congress is, as a half truth, equally false. The highest praise is accorded to various Senators and Representatives. As to others, facts from the record are cited. It is these facts which accuse them. I challenge Mr. Fischer to refute this.

Your reviewer also states falsely that I have just "now" decided that it is the time to tell all, and "win admiration." The most casual examination of the book proves, in several references to my efforts to warn the public of what Farben was doing inside America, that for twenty

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years I have been attempting to do this very thing. Also, that if my warnings, and the warnings of others who likewise are named in this book, had been heeded, then we would not have been so ill prepared for war—and the war itself might have been prevented.

Mr. Fischer's bias is shown by his implication that I am the only one who believes that I. G. Farben was the hidden source of World War II, and that for some unexplained reason my efforts to bring those involved to justice are reprehensible. If you will examine the indictment of the twenty-three I. G. Farben leaders now on trial for their lives at Nuremberg before an American court you will find that the indictment, drawn up by the American prosecutors, states that these men were the hidden source of World War II.

HOWARD W. AMBRUSTER.

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: I am sorry I have to turn the tables. Mr. Ambruster failed to read carefully the nineteen lines of my review. The offended author tries to give the impression that I attempted to whitewash cartelism or certain firms of the chemical industry. I never did and have no inclination to do so. On the contrary, I clearly stated that he "sees one source of evil," but I added, and this is the essence of my criticism, that he "so overemphasizes it that its pathos falls flat."

Whether the details of Ambruster's case histories are factual or one-sided was no object of my criticism and cannot be a field of my research. To judge the guilt of individuals and firms in these complicated cases is the task of the court that tries the I. G. Farben men and of trials in our country against those who allegedly helped in the plot. But if the I. G. Farben men in Germany are fighting for their lives it is not for the crimes charged by Mr. Ambruster but mainly for using slave labor.

I am not a chemical engineer like Mr. Ambruster nor an economist, and when the editors of THE COMMONWEAL asked me to review "Treason's Peace," they certainly did not expect me to discuss factual details but to analyze the character of the book.

I don't know what bias or prejudice can be seen in my attitude to the book. I have never been connected in any way with the I. G. Farben or any other chemical firm either here or abroad, not even to the degree of owning one of their shares. Or will you call it a prejudice that I refuse to believe the tragedy of war could be explained by one such factor as the I. G. Farben expansion which, according to Mr. Ambruster, is "the" hidden cause of World War II. He is so possessed of his thesis that he seems unable to understand any other point of view. It would be astonishing if the exposure of so many cases were without human error, especially in the hands of so highly emotional a researcher. But this question was not of my concern and I cannot be challenged to discuss matters out of my province.

Mr. Ambruster asks why I did not name some of the firms most conspicuously involved. The author fails to understand that I tried to give a characterization of his book, not a summary. There was no reason to repeat the indictments against firms like Bayers, whose German affiliations are world-known. What impressed me was that his book involved also patriotic American firms and Departments of our Administration and members of our Congress. It is for this that I mentioned some firms whom I was amazed to find named in this connection, out of the two or three hundred cited in his book.

Mr. Ambruster says that he does not accuse the Anti-Trust Division of the Justice Department, but in the next sentence he accuses no less than six of its attorney generals—a contradiction beyond my understanding.

As the best feature of Mr. Ambruster's book is his index, I verified the alleged false statements. Any reader can do the same and there is no reason to fill the columns of THE COMMONWEAL with the details of his book. Only one error happened—I don't know whether by a slip of my pen or by some typing or printing error—I mentioned the Treasury instead of the State Department. This has no importance in my line of arguing—demonstrating that the I. G. Farben plot, as Mr. Ambruster sees it, extended even to the departments of our Administration. But it may mean something to him, as he is an ardent admirer of the infamous Morgenthau plan.

The character of Mr. Ambruster's publication is not that of a work of historical research, as he thinks. It is pamphletical in its narrowness and its emotion, and I think the type of the book is not touched by the fact that it has 440 pages which makes it only more tedious. Even that his piece of writing is clothbound does not impress me of its value or weight.

A book of historical research has to give both sides of the story and its background to make it understandable. Mr. Ambruster has not the least scientific ethos to find out why persons act the way they do—he has only the desire to hunt for alleged criminals. Even with the kindest judgment you can classify his book only as a copious plaidoyer but not as a work of history. There is no perspective, one cannot understand why the Germans and their friends seem to act in quite a different way than the industrialists of other nations. There is not even a serious attempt to find out how much their action was influenced by the general capitalistic and industrial situation of our times. A naïve reader might ask, for instance, whether the expansion of German chemical trusts is basically different from that, let us say, of the Dutch and English oil companies. A serious historical research into the matter would start in answering just such questions.

It is a very easy way to blame anything at fault in our chaotic world on the "damned Germans" and to make them the scapegoat for the evils of our society. Germany is now nothing but a heap of ruins, sawed into several parts and its unity no more than a fiction, with the exception of the common hunger. But the world situation after the Second World War is no more "safe for democracy" than after World War I. Therefore, it is very dangerous to sit back quietly on the assumption that with punishing the Germans all will be well. It would be wise to find out also the other "hidden causes" of this world crisis.

MAX FISCHER.

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The Stage & Screen

Edith Piaf

MISS PIAF'S reputation as chanteuse has preceded her across the Atlantic and I think there is small question that she is something to see and hear, although perhaps a good many people will feel that Paris should be the scene. Clifford C. Fischer, her present producer, has her compulsively lit at the Playhouse and with one exception, her company is ill-chosen. A Greek dancing team, two fairly impressive tumblers and a couple of unicyclists appeared neither imported nor special to me, and while Georges André Martin's Finger Dancing seemed technically original, his one idea came off as woefully primitive. I'd far rather have Chaplin and the rolls, three or four times. Having read at great length, and absorbedly, concerning the singer's style and material—all of her songs are ballads really, long and sad, her voice is large and sad, and she herself is very small and very very sad—I had the idea of somehow seeing and hearing her at a distance, solitary in the midst of a dim stage. This is not the present arrangement. However, for the concerned, it might be as well to try for balcony tickets in order to get the best of this personality. In any case, if you arrange to get to the theatre at about 9:15, you will get all of the Star plus a number of singing and speaking arrangements by nine young madmen who call themselves "Les Compagnons De La Chanson." They are wonderful, impossible to describe, and certainly the lyric find of the season. (*at the Playhouse*)

This Time Tomorrow

IT IS not simple—I should say it is plainly impossible—to attempt to sort out the motions and notions contained in the Theatre Guild's second offering of the season. Jan de Hartogs piece is probably the most perfect example of dumb-founding I have ever experienced. His fable opens in a laboratory for cancer research on the eve of the Nazi invasion and thereafter uses a flashback technique so as to set the love story of a pair of young people, one of whom is the scientist introduced at the beginning; and the other, a girl, who is so far gone in tuberculosis it is considered medically impossible for her to be still alive. In her detained state, this heroine is given to visions of future occurrences and it is around and about these that the plot coils. An older scientist insists upon investigating and analyzing these phenomena; the younger man protests in the name of individual dignity; a good deal of stage trickery is effected in accordance with the girl's prophecies regarding weathers and entrances; and in the end, she is killed by a predicted kiss. Needless to add, there is a good bit of pseudo-philosophy mixed in with all this which could be summed, I guess, as a misreading of Algernon Blackwood plus a hash of the middle-Shaw, him of the "vortex" persuasion. The conclusions—arrived at in a number of scenes of demonstrated hypnotism—seemed to be that Life is

An important new book from one whom T. S. Eliot has called "the most powerful force in contemporary philosophy."

THE PERSON AND THE COMMON GOOD

Jacques Maritain

Does society exist for each of us, or does each one of us exist for society? The problem is an eternal one, but today more than ever before a clear and forthright answer is needed.

In exploring this problem, Professor Maritain explains the distinction between individuality and personality and goes on to show that the common good, which is the ultimate aim of society, must be something ethically good. Professor Maritain's approach is essentially philosophical, but he relates his conclusions to the religious and political problems of our times. $2.00

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Love; and that the landscape of death is both rolling and luminous. Oh, and I forgot—that the mating urge is all, but all, there is. It will be no surprise, of course, to find producers again mistaking confusion for art, thought, or reality.

As I am, quite honestly, no party to Sam Jaffe's determined charm, I found him rather more difficult than ever, buttoned into a beard and being as Dutch as possible. John Archer, as the younger man, seemed agreeable; but there ought to be some way of protesting the corruption of Ruth Ford. Can this be only Paul Crabtree's direction? Last year there was such clear intelligence in her handling of the Sartre nymphomaniac in "No Exit." But here, not even the rhapsodic superficiality of the lines can account for such self-indulgence. Her reading of such gems as "the light! the light! the light!" or "the rain! the rain! the rain!" or "the rat! the rat! the rat!" is simply too embarrassing to contemplate and should certainly be avoided by kind and sensitive persons. (*at the Ethel Barrymore*)

For Love or Money

ONE OUGHT to be grateful for anything, and the appearance of June Lockhart and John Loder in F. Hugh Herbert's silly comedy considerably justifies a flimsy evening. Mr. Loder is very neat in the guise of an aging actor and Miss Lockhart's Ingenue is young, wholly charming, a triumph in a first role. The piece will certainly not strain your brain but will provide these mentioned pleasures. (*at the Henry Miller*)

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The First Mrs. Fraser

ONE imagines there will be many people anxious to observe Jane Cowl once again in no matter what offering. I, for one, could wish her present vehicle were other than this revival of St. John Irvine's slow slow examination of divorce of twenty years back. Nevertheless, the "First Lady" is here again, accompanied by Henry Daniell, and exactly as vague, graceful, and amused as ever. (*at the Shubert*)

KAPPO PHELAN.

Not for Escapists

THIS WEEK'S three new movies show that a film can be thoughtful (and even have a propaganda line) *and* still be good entertainment. Not once during the long course of *"Gentleman's Agreement"* did my interest lag. I must admit, however, that I realized, as I was seeing the movie, how it piled incident upon incident to prove its point. But the point itself is so engrossing, in spite of the fact that it should be obvious to everyone by now, that its development builds up with a terrifying suspense. When non-Jewish Phil Green takes on the assignment for a large weekly magazine to write a series of articles on anti-Semitism and then decides to pose as a Jew in order to understand the situation better, you know pretty well some of the things that will happen to him. Through his experiences he learns the full meaning of anti-Semitism in the United States. This is not a pretty movie; it is not meant to be; but it succeeds in making us think about the subject; and it effectively makes us think about discrimination everywhere. The story could have been stronger if it had not included several distractions: the severe illness of the hero's mother (which may have been introduced only to get doctors into the main theme); making the hero's fiancée a divorcee (just why this was done the film fails to clarify at any time; in fact I couldn't discover why she had left her husband). But on the whole Moss Hart's script is excellent, a great improvement over Laura Z. Hobson's original novel. This well-written script deserves much of the praise for the effectiveness of the movie, and so does Darryl Zanuck's good production; but perhaps Elia Kazan's direction should get most credit.

"Gentleman's Agreement" could have become just a tract against anti-Semitism; but instead it is a moving movie. It is interesting to watch how well Kazan has used New York backgrounds and how skilfully he avoids the dangers of letting this talkative film get too talky. Furthermore he has maneuvered his good cast through the difficult story without ever allowing them to lecture on the subject. Particularly effective are Gregory Peck as the writer whose irritability with his discoveries are understandable though tiring, John Garfield as his Jewish friend, Celeste Holm as the magazine's fashion editor who has much more sympathy and understanding for the writer than his fiancée who is willing to play along with the "restricted" Darien society. In this rôle of the well-meaning though confused fiancée, Dorothy McGuire does not always come through. The rôle itself is not too clear; perhaps it is too lifelike to be captured in art. In the supporting cast Anne Revere, Dean Stockwell,

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June Havoc and many others from this large cast stand out for their fine portrayals. Since the film does handle its difficult themes well, it is perhaps wrong to ask for more; I do wish however that another angle could somehow have been brought in—the feeling that Jews might be proud of their Jewishness and wish to defend the good and just things for which they stand. This is a feeling that the non-Jewish Phil Green could not experience.

"Cass Timberlane" also manages to be a moving movie in spite of a lot of talk. While it is warmer than Sinclair Lewis's original novel, it lacks some of the bite; and Donald Ogden Stewart's script, though strong on the human side, frequently substitutes cuteness for satire. Telling an old story of the wealthy man who has the correct social background, and the girl from the other side of the tracks, whose background has meaning if not society contacts, Director George Sidney gets most of his effects through good characterization. Spencer Tracy as Cass, who turns out to be human underneath his Judge's robes, and Lana Turner, as Jinny, who marries the Judge against her better judgment and then has to rebel against his so-called social "friends," turn in excellent portrayals. After the plot gets well started it gets a little out of hand. Just why Jinny, who is so devoted to her husband, has to turn to his best "friend" (Zachary Scott) for love, is not too clear. Perhaps it is Cass's overpowering desire to be fair that prevents him from seeing what a cheap lot his associates are. Actually most of the so-called friends are merely exaggerated types in a Sinclair Lewis novel, and a person of Cass's integrity could see right through them. In spite of my complaining about detail in this film, I did like the picture; and I found it refreshing to see a movie that had the nerve to say right out that wars don't give us the right to hop in and out of marriage.

"So Well Remembered" is another film that comes right out and argues in favor of virtue. John Paxton's script, based on James Hilton's complicated novel, drags in too many instances in making his final point, but the propaganda against greed and pride are well established; and though the film is rather somber at times, it holds your attention as its story runs on and on through the years. Most of its locale is an ugly English mill town (Director Edward Dmytryk went to England and used a real one, which accounts for the realistic scenes) where poverty and injustice continue just because the wealthy folk up on the hill, as well as other stockholders, care more for themselves and their ruling class than for the workers. John Mills gives a stirring portrayal as the editor and mayor who fights for the underdog in spite of personal loss; and Martha Scott gives an equally effective portrait of a self-centered woman who builds for herself and her family no matter whom she has to destroy to get what she wants. Trevor Howard, Patricia Roc and Richard Carlson give these leads good support. Both the argument and entertainment in "So Well Remembered" could have been strengthened by a little judicious cutting. The film's length and its piling up of episodes may wear you out, but its attempt to fight injustice, regardless of where it turns up, will win your approval.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

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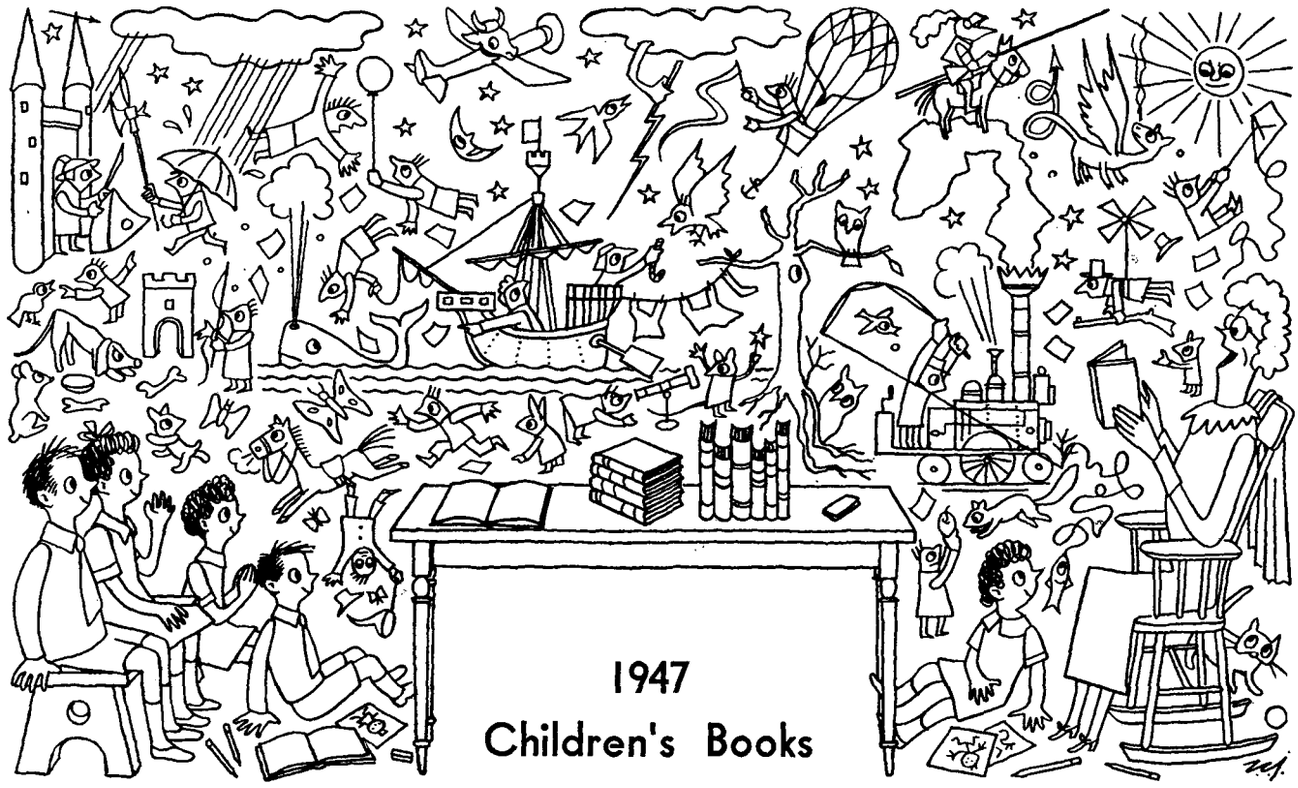

Ernestine Evans, **General Editor**

LAST YEAR, the celebration of Children's Book Week was initiated with a big luncheon and public speeches. And everyone knows how big luncheons turn out. The meal is expensive and has to be eaten in the midst of din. With the best will in the world, never are all the speeches audible, wise and witty. The audience at the Astor, though it packed the banquet hall, was limited. There were some Quiz kids, I seem to remember, but no other children present; a few mothers but no fathers, grandfathers, or book-buying aunts and uncles. School teachers do not take three hours for lunch. It was select publisher, author, illustrator, bookseller, librarian, promotion expert, company, very professional. I learned a lot, to be sure, and still remained a kibitzer of public luncheon occasions.

But this year a fair, a Boys' and Girls' Fair, admission free, starts 1947 Book Week off on November 21 at the Museum of Natural History. The New York *Times,* The Children's Book Council and the Museum have teamed up to put on something a little different under the sun in a great and old tradition. If only this four-day fair comes up half-way to the brag of its handbills it will be something not to miss. Including the 1947 harvest of over seven hundred new titles for young people from two to eighteen, 5,000 books have been selected for display in ten booths, each booth devoted to some bibliographical classification. Adult book fairs go in for lectures and publishers' cocktail parties and wrist-wearying autographing bouts by popular authors, and exhibits of fine printing.

This Fair for Boys and Girls fans out into a broader kermess, for all of the arts of communication. There will be films and records, real live story tellers, and half a dozen plays. The Junior Dance Workshop will turn A. A. Milne's "The King's Breakfast" into dear knows what ballet or tap dance. The engineers from WQXR will set up a model radio studio on a stage, explaining as they do it. There will be puppets. There will be songs from the South Sea Islands. Films will picture papermaking and book-binding. There will be chalk talks. A special show of the books which have won the Newberry and Caldecott medals is promised and a case of old and rare books; a Town-crier and a Jester. And the whole affair will take place in the setting of one of the liveliest and most learned of American museums. Read again Helen Auger's Book of Fairs (Harcourt $2.50) written just before the war in honor of the World's Fair out Flushing Meadow way. It is a story, told with verve, of how men since before the dawn of recorded history, the primitives and pagans, and then Christians often on the same old sites, have gathered to make trade and give thanks for harvest of the fields and of work shops and factories. It will salt your visits to the Natural History Museum this week, and to the General Assembly of the United Nations, to read in it of "The Peace of the Fair," that majestic force that made truce prevail along the robber-ridden roads to Champagne and drew men across seas, through forests down so many river valleys, and over mountains, to give and to get, with gain mysteriously on both sides. Long before printing presses were invented,

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the pooling of ideas and the swapping of goods used to take place and very often in the shadow of Cathedrals. In a way every modern metropolis is rather like a fair-ground. New York most certainly, with its flow of goods and its many languages.

Consider the fifty special children's rooms of the New York public library system where a boy or girl can travel back and forth and roundabout in time and space, with access to thousands of dollars worth of books, finding friends and heroes and villains, folks like himself or different, meeting wild animals and tame, discovering all sorts of things to do by which he may one day earn his living. The quiet of these rooms is very like "The Peace of the Fair."

Americans may envy other nations their special ways of dealing with books for young people, but in number and richness of shelves our library system stands first. I could wish that we had a constant output of colorful children's magazines that are works of printing art like the Japanese both before and since the war. Our comics are often maudlin, ill-printed packages to be ashamed of but as they satisfy some craving for commotion, some secret world of action, in boys and girls, the game is to make them better, not to banish them. I wish we had little story and picture books always on display on newsstands as the Russians still do, and as good taste in our Woolworth cheaps as the British Penguins and Puffins which, in spite of paper shortage, flow steadily to all corners of the Empire.

Still, sixty percent of all books drawn from American public libraries are taken home by boys and girls. Their parents may mourn the loss of the vanished "frontier" but the buffaloes still gallop for young readers, and with better pioneer spirit than their parents, they explore in all directions. No matter how prohibitive the price of books to private ownership, no matter how mounting the cost of milk and bread, in many schools and most cities the young have access to great fortune on library shelves.

Or do they really? Is it an illusion that American children are the heir to the ages? Have the publishers and the writers done all they could to pass on a heritage? Is there any united concerted front on which the whole nation tries to help the young grow up, knowledgable about life, brave to fight from day to day lest gang wars between nations come to pass? Do we wring our hands about the price of paper (plenty of paper for mink coat and perfume ads) or really work to get a fair share of cheap paper for boys and girls? Do we support critics who can speak their minds freely even taking a chance on wrongness, about what is trash and what is useful, an honor to the language, a stimulus to imagination? Do we just sell books as merchandise, or fool ourselves with the notion that we distribute them to all classes and do the best we could?

Why is it so many children never become readers on their own steam at all? The army showed us that books lose out for most of the population as soon as school days are over. Are magazines and newspapers enough? Can the boys and girls find their way to the "Great Books" through reading the run of the mill of current publishing? Are young people taught to think and write, or merely to repeat and get by? Is the kind of literacy we have far short in many ways of the old culture of oral relation and revered tradition such as existed, and is fast disappearing, in the Orient?

I am not a columnist. I have hardly any of the answers, only questions, misgivings, enthusiasms, and this year, the job of being your reporter on some of the facts and trends and experiments and what has pleased my own taste in this year's several hundred books for children and young people. I want to be fair, not foolish. The publishers have been generous. I have handled some three hundred books and read a hundred, and tried a lot of them out on some of my child friends, gossiped with a few librarians, consulted a couple of scientists in the hope of correcting my genial layman's ignorance of certain lines of fact. It is a very long time since I was either a child or a publisher and I have accumulated certain biases (these you will discover), and I am going to use up a little of the space that perhaps, in the contract, should be spent tipping friends and relations on which among the season's new books are an attractive and enduring money's worth to give a favorite boy or girl on a birthday or for Christmas or just for fun. Happily a great many of the "new books" are really old books with new formats and old favorites with fresh illustrations. That is good because when a member of one generation gives a child a book that he or she has loved some twenty or thirty years before, a common denominator is established. The illusion, at least, of continuity lights up a happy moment. Have you ever noticed that an absurd fondness discovered for some old children's book, is quite different from taste for Jane Austen or Pliny, is more bond than an old school tie?

The aged German refugee who had learned her English out of "Little Women" was on the meeting, more friend than foreign; the Swedish gentleman who said solemnly "My family will want to meet you for they have just finished reading 'Huckleberry Finn'" was only honoring an international passport. The Minister of Education in Mexico City who confided "I do know when I order the printing of a favorite tale of my childhood" —he could command editions of 100,000—"I am by so much, part of the future of my country" may have been self-indulgent but today children's books are everywhere in the world a tie between nations and races, between young conservatives and old radicals and vice-versa; secrets shared, and capable of becoming symbols of manifold increase of sharing, between generations and cultures.

It is a pity that the State Department does not seize the chance to make friends and influence UNESCO by taking part in the Boys and Girls Fair. And no matter how small its budget for "cultural relations" is (and it is on the contrary very generous) no penny spent to circulate abroad to libraries, or to embassies and consular offices as Exhibit A of 1947 autumn publishing, "Illustrators of Children's Books" published in Boston by Horn Book, Inc., could fail to present the United States in a

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From "More Tales from Grimm" by Wanda Gag. (Coward.)

joyful aspect. Compiled by Bertha E. Mahony and Beulah Folmsbee of the *Horn Book,* internationally known quarterly devoted to children and their reading and Louise Payson Latimer of the Washington Public Library, the 527 page volume covers the period between 1744 and 1945 and celebrates those artists who have added embellishment to children's tales, or told stories wholly in pictures. Nine other scholars, editors, publishers, artists and librarians have also contributed essays that make the volume a source book of information, and a glamorous history book of techniques in the printing trades and styles in drawing and painting of many nationalities.

The way in which the book was made is a lesson in professional collaboration and joined enthusiasms (if only politicians could unite the nations as these authors have pooled their ideas and experience). The actual production of the book has taken more than three years, and more years still went into study of the illustrators chosen for their skill in communicating the infinite variety of life, its constant change, its lovely endurance. "The same stories and books have attracted artists in one period after another because of the universal truths which pervade them. The hope of the world lies in those things which are universal. Pictures, like music, speak a free world language. 'There is life and death, brother, and the wind on the heath.' In nature the wind scatters the seeds to create new plants. In human life, the restless, adventurous, inquisitive and acquisitive, conquering spirit of man scatters and blends to create new designs or to perpetuate old forms." It is a pleasure to quote Bertha Mahoney's introduction, for, of course, in writing about Illustrators, she and her group are writing about Peace, and purposeful hospitality alike to tradition and fresh invention. Beauty is the bond. And in that bond all nations are represented.

Beginning long before 1744, the date of Mr. Newberry's first little English chap books for Children, how children have loved pictures, Holbein and Durer, and the "Orbis Pictus" of my friend, Comenius, in earlier centuries! The dates 1744-1945 with special emphasis on English and American books frame the detailed account, however. Only no story of children's books can be really enclosed in dates or boundaries; and here we see how national flavors have been tasted across frontiers, what comic strips owe to old broadsides, how wars and a promise of democracy have brought to the United States artists from every part of the world, Magi to our children.

The little biographical dictionary of contemporary illustrators, the bibliography of illustrated books, the excellent index, the illuminating essays and, above all, the gallery of reproductions add up to wonder. And page after page of pictures, forgotten and remembered and discovered, explain why the book has had to be priced at fifteen dollars. But suppose, just suppose, the State Department did spend some of the people's money on a special edition for foreign distribution. The book is an expression of gratitude to other nations, a gracious statement of our awareness of a debt to both Western and Eastern culture, and an affirmation of our belief in the importance of everything that pertains to youth. It is a book to be proud of, and if the State Department had the imagination to order a special edition, as a matter of high policy, perhaps the price could also be brought down for further domestic customers. "Illustrators of Childrens Books" is by way of being a spiritual geography of the world so many Ministers of State just miss having faith in. Here is a text in peaceful geopolitics.

★

The ten bright-awninged booths at the Boys and Girls Fair at the Natural History Museum in New York have been set up under ten categories: Picture Books; Stories for Fun; Fairy Tales and Fantasies; Hobbies and Games; The World of Nature; The Magic of Science; Reference Books; Historical Adventure and Careers; One World; Old Favorites and the Arts. There will be wall displays of original drawings for illustrated books.

Picture books are in a class by themselves, but some of the other divisions seem to me no proper mappe for the searching visitors. Above all, it is really time that everybody threw away the cliché "The Magic of Science." No wonder we stagger about so often in a world of modern technology, and drown on a voyage of discovery of imminent possibilities of new fuels, new power, and in the name of One World, cower in so many caves. Leave the word "magic" to the Hucksters and let children's book publishers regard themselves as dedicated to taking the magic out of science. The scientists, unveiling a universe of natural laws, which if we but understood them and loved our fellow men, could give us a sense of order again, are no magicians, but "men at work."

From "Pancakes—Paris" Claire Huchet Bishop. (Viking)

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There seems to me something clumsy in putting Historical Adventure and Careers in one booth. It may be that the biographies of the scholars and thinkers and builders who have conquered so many frontiers of human ignorance will be represented, but historical adventure usually lays too much emphasis on brash bold men of arms. I don't want to cheat the young of an ounce of exciting adventure, but I would like to see common life put to the fore more dramatically. The word "careers" is a come-on shelf title. So many of the stories under that title neither give away any secrets of success and competition nor paint the social uses of the career. One of the painful facts of the period just before the war came out in a survey of five states as to what youngsters on NYA wanted as jobs. A few wanted (without much thought of the long hard preparatory education) to join the professions, but most of them wanted easy white collar jobs. What children need is more orientation in the world of hard work which most of them will have to do. There is so little in their books about craftsmanship in the machine age, about all the teamwork in the vast collective operation of modern industry, transport, civil and social services.

That will come, come partly I believe, because the last twenty years have seen the development of a rival and now a cooperator with publishing in presenting pictures of the world they are growing up in. The documentary and educational films that have been made in the last twenty years, and especially during the war in all countries, are being made welcome in both libraries and schools. The expense of projectors and persons experienced in the care and choosing of films will slow things up. There is so much vested back log, so many dull and merely commercially interested films, that it will take bold criticism and leadership to get the right films to the right boys and girls. The *Library Journal* (October 15, 1947. 62 W. 45, NYC) is partly devoted to describing the experiment now being tried in many public libraries by the Carnegie Foundation to bring the book and film audience together, and furnishes a fairly satisfactory directory of all the technical, social, and commercial agencies to be drawn on by parents, teachers, and older boys and girls, who want to be part of the movement. For it is a major

From "Cortez the Conqueror" (Random.)

From "Illustrators of Children's Books." (The Horn Book.)

movement, intent on revealing the interdependence of men, and our mutual obligations, with brilliant possibilities in making our eyes serve us.

It was Tolstoy who said that motion pictures ought to show us life as it is. "No need to run after invented subjects." Certainly we all do like fancy and fanciful films, but these new documentary films are bound to react on children's books. We shall have fewer merely peasant images for Czechoslovakia and more whole canvas of town and country life, more sense of people like ourselves; less sphinx and more gas stations in our notions of Egypt; less campaign oratory and more precise technical view of international unity when even the boys and girls have seen some films about international postal and cable service. I venture to predict that the single most useful book to editors of children's books in the coming year will be Grierson on Documentary (Harcourt. $2.75), a lively book by and about the son of a Scottish school teacher, whose twenty years as film critic and civil servant engaged in making films to increase public understanding of public business, and national policy during war and peace, has trained a legion of camera artists and reporters. For all its splendor and its westerns, Hollywood has not done much to make the day's work interesting, because oriented to the whole world of affairs. "I know," said young Linda one day when we were talking about a new film about housing," you mean any work is good so it makes a puddle better. You don't think a career of just being a big toad important." There are an increasing number of new books this year that touch on that and to these the new film programs come as allies, enlarging the audience of readers and lookers, presenting a vivid panorama of how things are. Our ideas of beauty will change when usefulness becomes patently more admirable.

BUT TO REPORT on the printing crops, 1947. And to begin with picture books. There is a depressing lot of talk about the price of paper. But the

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Harcourt, Brace
Books for Young Readers

MR. DOODLE
by Sally Scott
A lively and amusing story about a boy and his cocker puppy. "Affectionately observed and wellwritten . . . excellent black-and-white drawing by Beth Krush." —*N. Y. Times.* *Ages* 6-10. $1.75

13 DANISH TALES
by Mary C. Hatch
A baker's dozen of folk tales based on J. C. Bay's popular translation. "Clear a special spot on your shelf beside Grimm and Andersen, because that's where this should go."—*Boston Herald.* Illustrated by Edgun. *Ages* 8-12. $2.50

ADOPTED JANE
by Helen F. Daringer
"A portrait of a sensitive child, drawn with integrity, humor and deep understanding . . . the author writes with real beauty." —Anne T. Eaton, *Christian Science Monitor.* Illustrated by Kate Seredy. *Ages* 8-12. $2.00

VICTORIOUS ISLAND
by Henrietta van der Haas
"A Resistance story of the Netherlands, told with a ring of authenticity . . . a breathlessly exciting story . . . Ends on a splendid note of triumph."—N. Y. Times. Drawings by Gerard Hordyk. *Ages* 9-12. $2.50

TRUMPETS IN THE WEST
by Geoffrey Trease
England during the turbulent reign of James II is the setting for this story. "Well-told, with plenty of action and information about the music of the period." —*Philadelphia Bulletin.* Illustrated by Joe Krush. *Ages* 12 *up.* $2.50

BEHIND THE RANGES
by Stephen W. Meader
An uninhabited valley high in the Olympic Mountains is the background for a dramatic, modern story which ranks with the author's finest books. Illustrated by Edward Shenton. *Ages* 12 *up.* $2.50

BENJAMIN BUSYBODY
by Lorraine Beim
"Has all the earmarks of a small fry favorite: simplicity, familiar material, mild suspense, repetition and large, softly-colored illustrations."—*N. Y. Times.* Illustrated by Violet La Mont. *Ages* 3-6. $2.00

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cheaper books, mass produced, come in ever greater numbers. If children's books are important, as I think they are, their low price is a major consideration in getting them into *all* children's hands. Pets and books are needed to help children grow up to concern for other lives dependent on their care, and into a sense of private custody and ownership of art, something to beguile themselves with and to share.

I See. I Eat. I Play. I Count. (Eleska. each, $1.25). Four small chewable (dye-fast) delightful first books for three, two and even one year olds, made of linen. Thoroughly satisfactory format.

The Picture Book of Animal Babies. By Irene and W. W. Robinson (Macmillan $2.00). Here are little ducks, a puppy waking with a yawn. A colt likes to race in a field. Little goats like to teeter-totter. A mother robin feeds her hungry young. Three baby squirrels have a house in a tree.

The Sleepy Little Lion. Photographs by Ylla. Words by Margaret Wise Brown. (Harper's $1.75.) Ylla, known round the world for her photographs of animals, borrowed a lion cub from the NY Zoo. "He always was sleepy because he was so little and so young." A perfect bedtime story.

Nils All Alone. By Jens Sigsgaard. Pictures by Arne Ungermann (Oxford $1.75.) A gay little book, worked out from vast material on children's wishes (they, too) for escape, in Denmark.

About Nono, The Baby Elephant. By Inez Hogan. (Dutton $1.00.) Miss Hogan begins a series of Read-to-Me stories with this first aid to parents who have to say No-No just too many times to mischievous children. She has drawn amusing pictures, providing the parent with a little theme song lullaby and a story about a little elephant who ran away and had adventures with Cousin Katie Kangeroo and Georgie Giraffe, and found out exactly why his Mama said NONO so often.

Come Play With Us. By Bess Howell Carlile. Pictures by Nell Beply. (Rand McNally $2.00.) A series of little family games about telling time, taking a bath, putting Daddy's old hat on, playing telephone etc. Plain chromo pictures. All such books, with or without charm or distinction, are "mother's helpers."

The Thank You Book. By Francoise. (Scribner's. $2.00.)
Oh for manners in this world again, and some gratitude for life! This is a lovely little book, well designed, a pepper seed to plant in a child.

Big Fat. By L. Tireman. Illustrations by Ralph Douglas. (University of New Mexico Press. $1.25.) This is the fifth in the series of picture books that ought to spur University Presses all over the country to do a certain job and have fun. The game was to acquaint the children of the Southwest with local flora and fauna, to make up some stories out of the

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bin of scientific facts stored in faculty PhDs and entertain and excite the children, let the University trickle down to the primary schools. Big Fat is a Prairie Dog and now joins Cocky the RoadRunner, Dumbee, Baby Jack and Jumping Rabbit. Ralph Douglas on a still page can make more animated goings on than Disney on a screen.

A French ABC. By Francine LeGrand Daughin. (Coward. $3.50.)
Expensive but worth it. Not so much an ABC really, for the words used are long and adult, but first of all an amusing picture book, and a game like picking shells on the sea side, so many pretty words, a test for anyone who used to speak French if set upon by a proud possessor of the book.

★★★McElligot's Pool. By Dr. Seuss. (Random. $2.50.)
Three stars for this because it is funny and not just author's fancifulness but turns on a child's own fancy. Written like a jingle, first we see a farmer laughing at a kid fishing in a pool with only tin cans in it. But OH, what if beyond the pool is an underground river, and the river leads to the sea, and every sort of fish, whales even, fishes from the Arctic, fishes from the tropics, just might come swimming into McElligot's pool! A pick-me-up for parents just to read it.

Big City. By Berta and Elmer Hader. (Macmillan. $2.50.)
A very nice sequel showing New York City in black and white and colors, to Little Town. The streets are cleaner and the traffic more orderly than my own impression of the city, but it does tot up all the places to go, museums and beaches, and throws in a little history of the time when it was a quiet island without any white man's machine noises.

Cortez. The Conqueror. By Covelle Newcomb. Illustrated by Feodor Rojansky. (Random. $3.00.)
In a way the show book of the autumn, though Miss Newcomb's story of Hernan Cortez is written with nowhere near the sweep and rhythm of Rojansky's pictures which draw on the old codexes and add his usual breath of life to animals and even to Spanish gentlemen.

The World of Nature
By Louise Seaman Bechtel

The Insect World. By Hilda T. Harpster. Drawings by Zhenya Gay. (Viking. $3.00.)
A serious fascinating book, written not too especially for children, about the whole insect world. The approach is not that of the photographer-naturalist, like the admirable Mr. Tedle, nor that of the gay explainer of a single creature like Mr. Bronson, but that of the professional entomologist. Plenty of older children will respect this approach, and be absorbed in the chapters on "Insect Lions and Tigers," "Armor and Camouflage," "The Amazon Ants," etc. An interesting chart for identification is offered. An excellent gift for adult gardeners, too.

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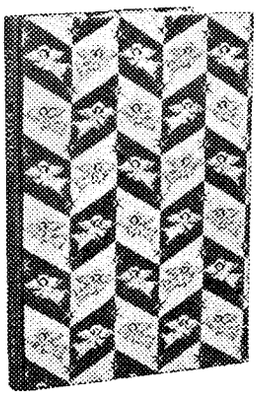

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Anywhere in the World. By Irma E. Webber. Illustrated by the Author. (Wm. R. Scott. $1.50.)
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The Silver Robin. By Dean Marshall. Illustrated by Frank Dobras and M. McGuckin, Jr. (Dutton $2.50.)
In spite of the fact that the birds talk human language, in spite of the fact that the hero is a bumptious baby robin, this is a very readable book for children of about nine or ten. It leads one into bird ways and the life of the woods easily and charmingly. Boys will like it as soon as the airplanes come into the plot. The mystery is about the "silver", which finally proves to be the official bird-banding. The author writes with keen observation of bird ways, and with plenty of humor. The idea is unusual, and all that happens seems very probable. It is a good introduction to bird-watching for the young.

Rufous Red Tail. By Helen Garrett. Illustrated by Frances Lee Jacques. (Viking. $2.50.)
Another book wherein birds talk, and again very well done. Rufous is a young red tail hawk, and other characters include Bubo, the great horned one, Varius, a yellow-billed sapsucker, Pandiori a fish-hawk, Jerry Goldfinch. The feeling of flight, of great distances, of the dangers of the wild, is beautifully conveyed. The story is about Rufous finding his mate, building his nest, and "growing up," after a good deal of excitement and adventure. The pictures are superbly done with exactness and beauty, adding a great deal of atmosphere and distinction to the book.

Plants. A guide to Hobbies. By Herbert S. Zim. Illustrated by John W. Brainerd. (Harcourt. $3.00.)
A fascinating book indeed, very unusual in its approach to the plant world, that of the collector, or plant hobbyist. It is one of the best brief introductions to Botany I have ever read. There is a list I have never seen in any other book, of plant localities worth visiting in every state of the union. Each chapter has an excellent reading list, to pursue further such subjects as algae, lichens, rushes, ferns, families of seed plants, chemical seed plant experiments, etc. One hopes that mnay high-school students will make use of it, but it is intended for the adult amateur. The author makes many wise statements, such as: "Only plants will interest a person in plants". Once that interest is aroused, the bewilder-

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ment at the great sweep of the plant kingdom can be clarified by such a book as this, and one aspect of it chosen for special study, or a "hobby."

Religious Books

By Claire Huchet Bishop

THIS YEAR, as a whole, the output of religious books for children and young people is a ghetto output. It is the product of minds who have gone one step ahead of their Master—not only are they not "of" this world, but they are not "in" it.

This is very serious especially when dealing with young people. It applies particularly to Catholic writers. To whom are they talking? To Catholic youth? If Catholic young people enjoy their stuff it means, either that Catholic youth is pleased with living in a ghetto, or else that it does not know that it lives there. If these young people do *not* enjoy those books, then there is hope. But to whom will they turn?

Things being as they are this year, it seems best to mention first two basic excellent works of previous years.

The Ageless Story. With Antiphons Pictured by Lauren Ford. (Marshall Jones, $12.00.)

The story of Jesus pictured in paintings by Fra Angelico, Duccio, Ghirlandajo and others. Descriptive text from the New Testament. It has the *imprimatur* and far exceeds in beauty this year's "A Gallery of Bible Stories" selected and arranged by Lydia and Warren Chappell. King James version. (Sheer and Jervis. $5.00.)

One God: the Ways We Worship Him. By Florence Mary Fitch. Photos chosen by Beatrice Creighton. (Lothrop, Lee. $2.00.)

An excellent book emphasizing our oneness and in which Jewish, Catholic and Protestant clergy and lay people participate. This year the same photographic treatment has been used in presenting Hinduism, Confucianism, Lao-Tzu, Shintoism and Buddhism:

Their Search for God: Ways of Worship in the Orient. By Florence Mary Fitch. (Lothrop, Lee. $3.00.) Occasional vagueness of statement is to be watched.

For boys who want to become priests there is an accurate and lively biography of Saint John Marie Vianney. The Parish Priest of Ars. By Mary Fabyan Windeatt. (Grail. $2.00.)

Also by the same author a life of Saint Francis Solano, a Franciscan missionary who came to South America. Packed with thrilling events this dramatic story would have gained much by being presented as a more popular looking book. Then it might have interested all boys regardless of vocation. Song in the South: Saint Francis Solano. By Mary Fabyan Windeatt. (Sheed. $2.00.)

In that respect, Dodd Mead has done better for girls with a religious vocation, and so has Didier. Running Waters. By Covelle Newcomb. (Dodd Mead. $2.75.) is the story of Mother Mary Caroline, foundress of the Order of the Poor Sisters of Notre Dame in America. The Life of Mother Cabrini, American Saint: a story for youth. By Mabel Farnum. (Didier. $2.50.)

Mention should be made of a picture book size Christmas story. Cat Royal. By Charles Brady. (Sheed. $2.00.) which many children will enjoy if read aloud

A Child's Garden of Verses

By Robert Louis Stevenson
With Pictures by Tasha Tudor

Through the pages of this lovely book, Tasha Tudor has portrayed the same dark-haired, bright-eyed small boy who might indeed be R.L.S. There are nineteen full-page, full-color illustrations and many more in black and white. $2.50

Beginning with A

By Pamela Bianco

Each letter of the alphabet stands for a child's name and each child has a rhyme and portrait. Those who cherish Pamela Bianco's previous work as well as those who did not know it, will welcome this enchanting collection of children in their elaborate Victorian clothes. $2.50

Kleew

By Nikolaas Tinbergen

A human and amusing life story of a seagull who lived on the sand dunes of Holland. Written and illustrated by a famous Dutch scientist for his own children during his internment in a German hostage camp. $1.50

A Small Child's Bible

By Pelagie Doane

Pelagie Doane has retold in simple and dignified language seventy of the best-loved stories of the Old and New Testaments and has illustrated them with seventy beautiful full-color pictures. *Imprimatur.* $3.00

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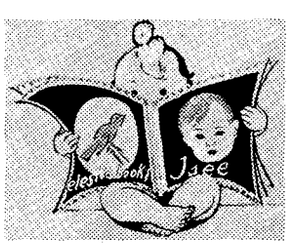

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to them. The fanciful theme of the charming part played by cats around the manger is handled here with much literary taste, skill and grace.

Then there are books by people who have something to say but do not say it, or say it as people who live in a "restricted area." (Brother Ernest, Father Scriven.) Books by people, Catholic and Protestant, which in their particular field, are fair but just fall short of being excellent; like Amy Morris Lillie's story of "Stephen" (Dutton. $2.50) and Vincent P. McCorry's book of advice to Catholic girls, "Those Terrible Teens" (Declan McMullen. $2.25.)

But where is the story with the full impact of the bold Christian message put across in words and deeds so integrated to our present-day world that it hits everybody—adults and children—in the stomach?

Surprises of the Season

The Bears' Famous Invasion of Sicily. Written and Illustrated by Dino Buzzati. (Pantheon, $2.75.)

It seems wicked to find any fault with the translation and presentation of this story when the whole book is one of the astonishing and delightful features of the season's publishing. Read aloud from the original Italian it swings along like a Chesterton ballad. Looked at without the slightest reference to the text, it presents a breathless comic tragic strip, from the very first picture of colored mountain peaks and two hunters roping in a bear-cub to the end of The Invasion. The cub was Tony, son of Leander, King of the Bears. Printed in Italy and imported in sheets, the paper light, and every single picture in the book something to be lingered over, a first reading of the text doesn't come up to action and fantasy of the pictures. But keep on looking. As you read you are at a play, at the cinema, in a dream, in some vaster puppet show than you have ever imagined possible, and even in English you can hear a puppeteer detoning as he introduces the characters. The story opens with a roster. Beside King Leander and Tony, you meet The tyrant of all Sicily, The Grand Duke, Professor Ambrose, The Bear, Saltpetre, Titan, Theophilus, Merlin and Marzipan. There are trolls and a count, a Werewolf, a Sea Serpent, Apparitions and screech owls. The campaign, laid out in full color and detail, seizes your fancy. Marmoset the cat leaping between mountains is more horrible than a V2, bigger than anything Howard Hughes ever designed. Professor Ambrose on corruption among the bears in a mysterious Italian castle cellar makes it an uptodate story; and when the dying Leander, so valiant, so unfortunate, begs his bears to forsake riches, elegance and debauchery, one sees plainly after the grand and ferocious romp that this is a very moral story and ideal reading in 1947.

The Song of Robin Hood. Edited by Anne Malcolmson. Music arranged by Grace Castagnetta. Designed by Virginia Lee Barton. (Houghton. $5.00.)

If good lovely simple Robin Hood with Howard Pyle illustrations still seems a better child's introduction to Robin, that does not make this collector's item less welcome. The effort to rescue the ballads from linguistic scholars and bowdlerizers alike has been a labor of time and love. The illustrations run down the page in black

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and white—nothing is more colorful nor holds the eye faster than beautifully printed black and white. These pictures have the quality both of ancient illuminated manuscripts and of *Image d'Epinal* and motion pictures, each page full of action in the midst of the elaborate designs.

The Field of Biography

It has never been easy to write biographies for young people but more and more there are tries and successes in the field, full bodied accounts written with style, and inviting young readers to make the acquaintance of great characters among adults. A taste for biography can easily become a permanent and rewarding habit. Among this year's notable offerings are:

Young Miss Burney. By Anna Bird Stewart. Drawings by Helen Stone. (Lippincott $2.50.)

With scholarship and distinction as a story teller, Miss Stewart writes of the girl who became the sensation of London when her novel Evelina was published. The pages throng with the enduring great of other ages, Mrs. Thrale and Dr. Johnson, David Garrick and Joshua Reynolds. Very good company to follow through many another volume later on.

Thackeray of the Great Heart and Humorous Pen. By Laura Benét. (Dodd. $2.75.)

An experienced writer presents a great character, and this, too is both history and biography and introduction to the literary life. First the man and then his books! The young person introduced to Thackeray is, by so much, vaccinated against being satisfied with current thinner stuff. Incidentally "The Rose and the Ring" comes from the Heritage Press this year ($2.75) in a beautiful boxed edition, illustrated by Fritz Kredel.

David Livingstone, Foe of Darkness. By Jeannette Eaton. Illustrated by Ralph Ray. (Morrow, $3.00.)

Now that Africa comes more and more into current politics and even more into our growing sense of intercontinental obligations, this story of a great soul and explorer should be read. To read about him once is to keep on reading both about him and about Africa.

Woodrow Wilson. By Alden Hatch. (Holt. $3.00.)

Amid the encircling gloom mixed with Kleig lights of a campaign year, this biography of Woodrow Wilson, and his two successful campaigns for the presidency makes good reading. It is the story of a professor and a statesman, a great American, a failure at organizing a League of Nations—yet who can be sure he really failed until another hundred years have passed? To those who resent unbalanced newspaper reading about crises this book is a gift of perspective to young citizens.

Inventors behind the Inventor. By Roger Burlingame. (Harcourt. $3.00.)

For children born into an age of publicity, this book, besides being very interesting, just as reading, redresses our general notion of stars, and tycoons, and shows how one man's success is almost always built on many men's curiosity, labor, and untimely failure. Behind all the great names of inventors are the hosts who asked questions before them. It took many minds to make the telegraph, the motion pictures, the radio, and some of the men who also ran in the race for fame and fortune, make even

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Susan B. Anthony. By Florence Horn Bryan. Illustrated by Erika Wrihs. (Julian Messner. $2.75.)

Both girls and boys should read this book partly as a primer of politics, partly as the story of post-civil war women, partly in order to ask again whether American women are not an unused resource in our political life.

Women Doctors Today. By Sally Knapp. (Crowell. $2.50.)

A dozen biographical sketches of women doctors the world over. The second and third generation of women in medicine are a credit to the pioneers who made their work possible. Women distinguish themselves in every branch of medicine today.

Sky Pioneer. By Robert M. Bartlett. (Scribner's. $2.50.)

The Story of Igor I. Sikorsky.

History, Past and Present

The Great Heritage. By Catherine B. Shippen. Illustration and Maps by C. B. Falls. (Viking. $3.50.)

Begin with the continent itself, and a rejoicing in its riches, its variety, and examine the American scene. What Katherine Shippen has succeeded in doing is making her readers feel rich. She has brought poetry and songs and listed films; written of all the crops, the furs, the timber, the tobacco, the corn and wheat, the gold, the iron, the coal, the oil that have blessed the United States. How those riches are divided is another story, but she shows the whole range of American material advantage, and the adventurous development that has gone on along her coasts, and in her river valleys, and the pioneering back and forth, across her mountains. Government departments and museums, and the children who were her first readers, have all collaborated and joined her in appreciation of a nation's resources. She has loved our orchards and our farms.

Augustus Caesar's World. By Genevieve Foster. Illustrated by the Author. (Scribner's. $3.50.)

Another volume giving panorama of an historic period and the story of the man who dominated the scene. A panorama of Rome and the roads that led to her as capital of the ancient world.

The Pageant of Japanese History. By H. M. Dilts. Illustrated by Toyojiro Onishi. (Longmans. $4.00.)

A title in the Pageant series first published on the eve of war comes back into print with several chapters, on the events that led to the war, and on General MacArthur's current regime. If the last chapters are not as detailed and as full of pageantry as the long story of feudal Japan and the beginning of the modern era at Commodore Perry's invitation, that does not prevent this book from being a must for young Americans.

5000 Years of Art. By Aline B. Louchheim. (Howell. $5.00.)

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string on which national stories shall be threaded. Well-selected photographs, good chronological tables of art history, introduction by the Director of the Metropolitan Museum, N. Y.

Historic Models of Early America. By C. J. Maginley. (Harcourt. $3.00.)

No man is helpless in an age of machines and mass production who remembers that for thousands of years man's own hands were remarkable machines, and building models, learns to feel the strength and skill of his own. Here is a book to get a mechanical-minded boy right into the skin of his colonial ancestors.

A Child's History of the World. By V. M. Hillyer. (Appleton. $5.00.)

A welcome return to print, with new material added by Edward G. Huey, Director of Activities, of the Calvert School of Baltimore, of a thoroughly readable history that has stood the test of twenty years steady demand. Profusely illustrated, colloquially and directly written. "Makes me want to *teach* history" was one lad's comment.

The Story of English Life. By Amabel Williams-Ellis. (Coward. $5.00.)

Another return of a war-time out-of-print item, with the story of the condition of the English people under many kings and queens, and changing political parties. Full of understanding of changing technology and concern for the working class.

The Hand in The Picture. By Eric P. Kelly. Illustrated by Irene Lorentowicz. (Lippincott. $2.50.)

A retelling of Polish history from the earliest times, using the poems of Adam Mikiewicz and the work of Wyspianski. But how very cross those Poles are sure to be who have followed the archaeology of Biskufoin, the village beneath the lake. They will not thank him for talking about poor slavs wearing skins when Poland has a weaving culture perhaps the oldest in Europe. Very decorative pictures.

More Picture Books

The Tall Book of Fairy Tales. By Eleanor Graham Vance. Pictures by William Sharp. (Harper's. $1.00.)

The tall format somehow makes a book seem like a birthday layer cake. Children do like specialness in size and shape. There is not quite so much gusto in the pictures that brighten these sixteen stories as in the previous tall books by Rojansky, but Tom Thumb prancing on the woodcutter's nose, and Rapunzle letting down her golden hair and the shoemaker watching the elves at work are something never to forget.

Faraway Holiday. Written and illustrated by Eula Long. (Morrow. $2.00.)

A very great deal of Mexico, the real place and people, is in this little book about a child who wants to walk in a procession to the Virgin of Guadalupe with a flower wand. Mrs. Long is both a distinguished artist and a teacher at the Pasadena Art Institute. Both a children's book, and a collector's item.

The School for Cats. By Esther Averill. (Harper's. $1.50.)

A little book to make the old friends of little black Jennie Linsky, heroine of The Cat Club, clap their hands.

"EYES THAT TRUST, PLEAD, AND ACCUSE"

The following letter has been received from a ten-year-old boy in Poland, by The Foster Parents' Plan for War Children:—

"IT IS A LONG DISTANCE TO SCHOOL. BUT I COME EVERY DAY BECAUSE IT IS WARM AND THERE IS FOOD. TODAY IT IS RAINING. MY MOTHER WILL CARRY ME OVER THE RUBBLE BECAUSE I HAVE NO SHOES. IN MY HOME THERE LIVED A LITTLE BOY WHO DID NOT HAVE SHOES AND A COAT AND CAUGHT COLD AND DIED. I DON'T WANT TO DIE."

Wlodzimierz Kaminski.

You can help the thousands of children now in desperate need overseas by becoming a foster parent. You will receive a case history and a photograph of the child. Correspondence with the child through our office is encouraged.

The Plan is helping children of fourteen different nationalities in France, Poland, Italy, Belgium, Holland, England, Switzerland, Czechoslovakia and China.

The Foster Parents' Plan does not do mass relief. Each child is treated as an individual with the idea that besides food, clothing, shelter and education, the child will live in a homelike atmosphere and receive the loving care that so rightfully belongs to childhood.

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EDNA BLUE, International Chairman.

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The drawings in this book, too, are delectable, the format a perfect size, and the story of Jennie's stay at a boarding school for pussies like herself where she learns about manners and all that, and runs away and comes back, will tickle all ages.

So You're Going to get a Puppy. By Col. S. P. Meek. (Knopf. $2.00.)

The author of many dog stories settles down to making the young dog owner a good friend and master to his puppy. Puppies are almost as hard to raise as children and this is a guide on care and feeding, what to do until the Vet comes, how to train your puppy to make friends in a household and win a good name with the neighbors.

The Dear Old Briar Patch. By Thornton W. Burgess. Illustrated by Harrison Cady. (Little. $2.00.)

There are those, old and young, who open their morning newspaper and disregarding the headlines turn at once to Thornton Burgess and Peter Rabbit. There are no more reliable never-let-you-down stories. They go on and on full of briar patch philosophy. "A bit of knowledge gained each day, in time to wisdom points the way." says Peter Rabbit. "If everybody should agree, an end to Progress there would be," says Old Mother Nature.

Story Books

Read-to-Me Story Book. Illustrated by Lois Lenski. (Compiled by the Child Study Association of America. Crowell. $2.00.)

Thirty stories, eleven poems and over a hundred of Lois Lenski's drawings have been brought together by a collective of parents, teachers and librarians. They have chosen stories from well-tried authors, experimented with some new tales and produced a very sound and attractive selection to make bedtime and story hours satisfactory to reader and to the youngsters read to.

Pancakes-Paris. By Claire Huchet Bishop. Illustrations by Georges Shreiber. (Viking. $2.00.)

This is a minor work of art and a story that will last a long, long time for it is laid in Paris and written by one who is of that place and loves it and yet, being a favorite American librarian, has feeling for both sides of the ocean. The story could not be a more simple tale, and yet more packed with nuance, about the war and what it has cost. It is about some French children who do wish for some *crêpes* before Mardi Gras; and about a couple of GI's who give them a box of Aunt Jemima Pancake flour. Beautifully written and memorably illustrated.

CONTRIBUTORS

Max PICARD is a Doctor more widely known as a philosopher. He lives in a small village on the Swiss-German border. Besides "Hitler in Our Selves," translated from the German by Heinrich Hauser, he has written "Flight from God" and "The Human Faith."

Samuel YELLEN is a teacher who lives in Bloomington, Ind., who writes excellent poetry published in the The Commonweal, *New Yorker* and other periodicals.

Ernestine EVANS who was a foreign correspondent in pre-war Europe, and during the war worked with the OWI, is now engaged in general literary reviewing in New York and special branches of the movie industry.

Louise Seamen BECHTEL is herself a writer of books for children.

Claire Huchet BISHOP wrote the juvenile "Pancakes Paris" reviewed in this issue, and has recently completed "France Alive," which is *not* a juvenile.

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